Thus doſt thou heare the nemean Lion roare,
Gainſt thee thou Lambe, that ſtandeſt as his pray:
Submisſiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou ſtriue(poore ſoule)what art thou then?
Food for his rage,repaſture for his den.
Quee. What plume of fethers is he that indited this letter?
What vaine?What Wethercock? Did you euer heare better?
Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the ſtile.
Quee. Els your memorie is bad,going ore it erewhile.
Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court,
A Phantaſime a Monarcho,and one that makes ſport
To the Prince and his Booke-mates.
Quee. Thou fellow,a worde.
Who gaue thee this letter?
Clow. I tolde you,my Lord.
Quee. To whom ſhouldſt thou giue it?
Clow. From my Lord to my Ladie.
Quee. From which Lord, to which Ladie?
Clow. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good Maiſter of mine,
To a Ladie of France,that he calde *Roſaline*.
Quee. Thou haſt miſtaken his letter. Come Lords away.
Here ſweete,put vp this,twilbe thine annother day.
Boy. Who is the ſhooter?Who is the ſhooter?
Roſa. Shall I teach you to know.
Boy. I my continent of beautie.
Roſa. Why ſhe that beares the Bow. Finely put off.
Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie,
hang me by the necke, if horns that yeere miſcarrie,
Finely put on.
Roſa. Well then I am the ſhooter.
Boy. And who is your Deare?
Roſa. If we chooſe by the hornes, your ſelfe come not
neare. Finely put on in deede.
Maria. You ſtill wrangle with her *Boyet*, and ſhe ſtrikes
at the brow.
Boyet. But ſhe her ſelfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?
Roſa. Shall I come vpon thee with an olde ſaying, that
was

was a man when King *Pippen* of Frannce was a litle boy, as
touchiug the hit it.
Boy. So I may anſwere thee with one as olde that was a
woman when queene *Guinouer* of Brittaine was a litle wench
as toching the hit it.
Roſa. Thou canſt not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canſt not hit it my good man. *Exit.*
Boy. And I cannot,cannot,cannot: and I cannot,an other
Clo. By my troth moſt pleſant,how both did fit it. (can,
Mar. A marke marueilous wel ſhot,for they both did hit.
Bo. A mark,O mark but that mark: a mark ſaies my Lady,
Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at,if it may be.
Mar. Wide a'the bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.
Clo. Indeed a'muſt ſhoot nearer,or hele neare hit the clout.
Boy. And if my hand be out,then belike your hand is in.
Clo. Then will ſhe get the vpſhoot by cleaning the is in.
Ma. Come come,you talke greaſely,your lips grow fowle.
Cl. Shes to hard for you at pricks,ſir challeng her to bowle
Bo. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good owle.
Clo. By my ſoule a Swaine, a moſt ſimple Clowne.
Lord,Lord,how the Ladies and I haue put him downe.
O my troth moſt ſweete ieſtes,moſt incomie vulgar wit,
When it comes ſo ſmoothly off,ſo obſcenly as it were, ſo fit.
Armatho ath toothen ſide,o a moſt daintie man,
To ſee him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fann.
To ſee him kiſſe his hand,& how moſt ſweetly a wil ſweare:
And his Page atother ſide, that handfull of wit,
Ah heauens, it is moſt patheticall nit.
Sowla, ſowla. *Exeunt.* Shoot within.
Enter *Dull,Holofernes*,the *Pedant* and *Nathaniel*.
Nat. Very reuerent ſport truly,and done in the teſtimonie
of a good conſcience.
Ped. The Deare was(as you know)ſanguis in blood,ripe
as the Pomwater,who now hangeth like a Iewel in the eare
of *Celo* the ſkie, the welken the heauen, & anon falleth like
a Crab on the face of *Terra*,the ſoyle,the land,the earth.
Curat Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are
ſweetly varried like a ſcholler at the leaſt: but ſir I aſſure ye
it was a Bucke of the firſt head. *Hol-*